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Whom to Marry.

How often have young men pronounced to themselves and others the question, "What is the first quality to be sought in the choice of a wife," and how divers have been the answers to this important interrogatory. The thoughtless and gay will point you to beauty, wealth and accomplishments; others, who look beyond the tinsel to the exterior, regard amiability and feeling as the brightest jewels in the female character; others still, who have searched deeper into the springs of human action and know well the fountains from whence flow the purest and most enduring happiness, will give the only true answer to the enquiry, viz.: "a strong Christian faith, sentiment and practice." Religion is everywhere lovely, but in a woman peculiarly so. It makes her little lower than the angels. It purifies her heart, elevates her feelings and sentiments, hallows her affections, sheds light upon her understanding, and imparts dignity and purity to her whole character. Nor does its influence end here—

"It beams in the glance of the eye,
It sits on the lips with a smile,
It checks the ungracious reply,
It enraptures, but cannot beguile."

Woman, from her very nature, is destined to drink deeper from the cup of sorrow and suffering than the other sex. Her trials are chiefly of the heart, and consequently the hardest to be borne. She is seldom, perhaps, called upon to contend with those formidable evils and temptations which rouse all the energies of our nature to repel the attack, but is beset (from the time she merges into womanhood) by a thousand petty trials and annoyances, which, while they seem too insignificant to resist, are at the same time too difficult to overcome. Religion alone can disarm these trials, and enable her to preserve that equanimity and peace of mind so essential to happiness. It is her talisman. To it she flies in the hour of disappointment, and from it never fails to derive consolation and support. Yet how few in their selection of a partner for life, regard this most important qualification. How few think to penetrate into the secret chambers of the soul, to see what is there hidden within so fair an interior—if there the vestal lamp sheds its clear and constant ray. External attractions may lead us captive for a time—feeling may send a thrill of exquisite joy through the heart of the recipient—talent may call forth unbounded admiration—but if religion make no part of the character, the keystone of the arch is wanting, and the fabric will ere long crumble and fall. It should be remembered that life is not all sunshine. Bright as the world may be before us, we cannot live long without encountering many sorrows and disappointments, and troubles. They are sent to sever the cords which bind us too closely to earth, to turn our thoughts inward upon ourselves, and upward to heaven. While our bark glides calmly on a summer sea, with the blue sky above and bright waters around us, the blanchings of youth, beauty and accomplishment may satisfy the heart; but let us be overtaken by the storm and the tempest, and where is the support they yield? Let darkness enter your dwelling; and the pleasure you derive from them is forgotten, and you look in vain to the same source for relief. Let death invade your social circle, and lay its ruthless hand on your first born, shrouding all around you in darkness and gloom; and where do you look for hope? It is under circumstances like these that religion transforms a wife into a ministering angel. She will bind up your wounded heart, lead to the fountain of living waters, and change gloom and despondency into light and cheerfulness. As the sun in setting lights up every hill top and tree and cottage, so religion gilds with its heavenly beams every feeling, enjoyment and occupation. Most persons on entering the married stateancy it a condition of unmingled

joy and pleasure—that they are within a charmed circle, the bounds of which no sorrow or trouble can pass. They forget the new and immense responsibilities that are incurred, and the trials which must necessarily accompany them. Not that this should deter any one from taking this most important step; for it is the high road to improvement and happiness. What are the boastful pleasures of intellect compared with those of affection? The latter are truly heaven-born, and immortal as the former; they are the earliest developed in our nature, and the last touched by the finger of decay. Woman? thy empire is the heart, and he who would know the capacity of the human soul for happiness must yield himself to her sway.

Ensilage.

Editors Orangeburg Democrat:

I send you with this some papers giving information as to the keeping of corn sowed for the purpose, or rye, in its green state through the winter. It seems that the plan has been tried in Europe and at the North satisfactorily, and if this can be done at all it can evidently be done on a small scale, say of ten tons, or as many wagon loads of green corn stocks cut when about to tassle. The conditions seem to be a pit of convenient capacity with perhaps a clay wall or lining, tramped full of the tops, pounded down compactly and covered with straw, boards and soil to exclude the air. On a side hill, the food may be taken from the end as it is wanted. If this can be done, then may our old cow frames laugh at the cold wind and storms of March and April, which are now so deadly. This seems to be a new departure, and it invites some of those who have so rang the different combinations of cotton, oats and corn until it may be said to be stale information, to try if it may not be a priceless benefit to our Southern stock. If this can be done then the fence law question can be settled summarily. M. L. BALDWIN.

The Cause of our Failure.

We have frequently seen paragraphs in the newspapers from persons claiming to be such simon-pure Democrats that they had never voted for Horace Greeley, Greene or any other Republican whom a majority of the Democrats of the State had taken to make what is ironically called a "mongrel ticket." Everybody knows these Radicals were put on the tickets with the best Democrats in the party in the hope that we might be enabled to gain at least some control of the Government, but experience proved the folly of the plan, inasmuch as so many of these pure Democrats failed to join their brethren in the struggle. We have no sympathy with the Democrat who refused to vote with his party—whether the party was right or not—and we think any real Democrat is entitled to very little credit for aiding in our own defeat in 1870-72. A deserter deserves no laurels—no matter upon what pretext he may desert—and he only proclaims his own want of true patriotism when he says that he refused to assist his party in redeeming the State, because he did not like the leaders which his party had chosen for the work.—*Abbeville Press and Banner.*

Pearls.

Moderation is the pleasure of the wise.
A secret passion defends the heart of a woman better than her moral sense.
There is for adversity but one refuge—the tomb.
Fate gives us parents; choice gives us friends.
Memory is the granary of the mind and experience.
A woman who pretends to laugh at love is like a child who sings at night when he is afraid.
As soon as we learn how to live we must die.
It is sad but true that we can silence our conscience easier than our desires.

Pistols and Whiskey.

Editors Orangeburg Democrat:

I regretted to see at our recent convention how quickly a tombstone was put over that excellent resolution in reference to pistols and whiskey. I cannot be accused in writing this communication, of personalities, for I do not know who was the getter up or the presenter of the resolution or who voted to lay it on the table. I am dealing now with facts and not with individuals. If every county in the State is as slack in taking steps to deal with these evils as Orangeburg County then the venders of pistols and whiskey can go on with their work of death and destruction untrammelled and unrestrained. However, it is to be hoped that our next legislature will have the will and the nerve to do their duty in the face of a whiskey-drinking and pistol-shooting constituency. It is useless to look for deliverance from these evils through the channels of education and moral suasion. We have had these long enough. Let the strong arm of the law take hold with its gigantic grasp and the evil can and will be corrected. Prohibition and not license is what the country needs. It used to be that a still tongue was the most potent weapon which a man could carry. But what avails this now if we are to continually meet men in our streets and at public gatherings full of whiskey and well armed with the deadly pistol. In these days the innocent often suffer as well as the guilty. Shall we say that these enemies of peace and good order gained a signal victory at the convention? Well, it has that appearance. Let not only "Down with Radicalism" be our campaign watchword, but also "Down with Pistols and Whiskey." CAWCAW.

In a Sad Plight.

The Republicans are getting themselves into a really pitiable condition after repeated demands they at last succeeded in getting Gen. Hancock's letter published, which resulted so much to their own discomfiture that they decided to drop him altogether and turn their attention to the Democratic candidate for Vice-President. Their new attack has resulted almost as disastrously as the other. After convicting Mr. English to their own satisfaction of being a decided improvement on Shyllock, and after for some time rubbing their hands in glee at their success, they have suddenly been astounded by the information that the whole of Mr. English's business relating to rents is in the hands of a Republican agent and that he has full management of that department, and that all purchases at tax sale have been made for Mr. English by two prominent Republicans who had express orders not to purchase for speculation, and only to bid when necessary to protect his interests. The Stalwarts are really in a sad plight.

A Sad Affair.

A very sad affair occurred in our town on last Sunday. Mr. J. B. Hope, the eldest son of Dr. R. H. Hope, after eating a hearty dinner, and seeming unusually cheerful, took several grains of morphine, and notwithstanding every effort was made to save his life, death ensued at 9 1-2 o'clock Sunday night. The reason for his taking the fatal drug is not known. It is probable that he took an excessive quantity of it accidentally. He was a young man with many friends, and without a single enemy. His unexpected and untimely death is deeply deplored, and the afflicted family have the warmest sympathies of the entire community.—*Rock Hill Herald.*

WHEN the press of this country will do one-half the free advertising for a widowed seamstress that it will for an immoral actress a great start will be made towards burnishing up the jewel of consistency.

Subscribe for the Democrat.

Bloodthirsty Speeches.

A correspondent of the Columbia Register, writing from Newberry, gives an account of the Radical Convention held there last Tuesday, and further says:

Frank Hix, a delegate, made a very inflammatory speech at a barbecue last week, saying that if the white people did not give them whatever wages they asked, they would force them to it or they would kill and eat their hogs, cows, horses, sheep, and everything they had in the way of cattle, "and then we'll begin on their babies in their cradles and eat them." [A voice in the crowd: "Yes, I feel like I could eat a baby now."] "Then we'll kill their women and eat them, and, lastly, we'll kill their men, we will exterminate them and inherit their lands, or have our price. We will be masters! Death to the white man."

H. T. Williams, another light who has just loomed up, was in complicity with the crowd that killed Hayne Reid at Pomaria and burned the house on him a few years ago, (December, 1875.) Their inflammatory speeches are cheered and endorsed by the whole race. Their women seem to be more violent than the men. We may expect a hard fight for the County and legislative offices, but men of Newberry, do your duty, meet them when they speak, divide time with them, and let them know that the white man will rule South Carolina.

A Free Press.

The beautiful idea of getting something for nothing is nowhere more readily traceable than in a newspaper office.

So much has been spoken, written and sung about a "free press" that people have come to accept the term in a sense altogether too liberal.

If a man has a scheme of any kind germinating he just steps into the editorial room and details it with the remark, "I'm not quite ready to advertise yet, but a few words will help me along." He gets the few words and never gets ready to advertise.

Two tickets admitting lady and gent to the "G. R. X. M. S.'s grand balls," are expected to produce a six-line local and a quarter of a column description of the ladies' toilets after the ball is over.

Should a boy saw off his finger, "Dr. C. O. Plaster dressed the wound with great skill," would be a graceful way of stating it, and, besides, it is unprofessional" to advertise.

The patent rat-trap man brings in one of his combinations of wire and mouldy cheese bait, sticks it under the editor's nose and explains how they catch'em every time the spring works. It's something of interest to the community, and if you put in a piece save me a dozen papers," which he quietly walks off with, as though he had bestowed a favor in allowing editorial eyes to gaze upon such a marvel of intricacy.

An invitation "to come down and write up our establishment" is a great deal more common than a two-square "ad" from the same firm. Newspapers must be filled up with something or other, you know.

The lawyer, with strong prejudices against advertising is fond of seeing his cases reported in full in the newspapers, with an occasional reference to his exceedingly able manner of conducting the same. It is cheaper than advertising.

In fact, everybody, from a izzard who has an axe to grind, asks the newspaper to turn the crank, and forgets to even say thank you, but will kindly take a free copy of the paper as part pay for furnishing the news.

The press being "free," all hands seems bound to get aboard and ride it to death. That's why newspapers are so rich that they can afford to pay double price for white paper, and never ask Congress to aid them by removing the duty on wood pulp.

A La Crosse minister prayed for those "who are smitten with illness, and those who have gone a-fishing, and also those too lazy to dress for church."

Plain Talk.

The Radical speakers throughout the State seem to have agreed together to be as incendiary in their utterances as they dare, and covertly threaten the Democracy. Boliver, at Orangeburg, said:

We are about to undertake to vote not only for a county government, but also for a national one, and if we are not successful in securing our rights Yankee guns will shoot as loud as they ever did.

Further on in the same speech he continued:

The President of the United States will bring down his shot-guns, those little pop-guns, you know, (referring to cannon evidently) to protect you in the exercise of your rights.

An again:

If you cannot get your rights by fair means you must get them in some other way.

The notorious Bermuda negro, D. A. Straker, remarked on the same occasion:

These things must not be perpetrated, even if the trials of 1861 are to be repeated.

That enlightened specimen of exalted culture and intellect and high character, Thomas Briar, told the negroes here:

We intend to have a fair vote and a fair count, and not be deprived of the right of suffrage as in 1876.

Which appropriately supplemented the previous declaration of that distinguished grammarian and intelligent leader, Ben Donaldson, that

The black man who voted a Democratic ticket is the meanest and lowest kind of a mans. He lives in a penitentiary or jail.

And his exhortation to "come out and insist upon a fair vote, and a fair count."

Plainly construed this means that they are to "insist" upon the election of their ticket in the face of a Democratic majority, by the use of "other means"—Federal bayonets or force.

"So we ask without guile,
And we hope not in vain,
If this is the style,
That's going to obtain?"

If it is, we will act accordingly. Act, not talk. We warn every negro against heeding these men who would urge them to their destruction. The white people want peace and quiet, and to maintain the pleasant relations existing between the races. But it is not in their blood to rest tamely under aggression or outrages. If the negroes are such besotted fools as to allow themselves to be incited to stirring up strife by those who will take none of the danger, they can expect disastrous consequences. And Briar, Donaldson and their allies and associates may as well understand that these consequences will not be limited to their dupes. The secret sources of the strife will be sought and made to feel what they have brought upon others. We have and do counsel the greatest forbearance, and endurance to the utmost. But forbearance and endurance at certain points cease to be either right or wise. The aggression must come from the negro, but if he is dolled into carrying it too far, woe be to him.—*Greenville News*

Look Out for September.

Astronomers say that sometime this month the earth will be in a direct line between the sun and Jupiter, the largest planet of the solar system, and this too when Jupiter is in that part of its orbit nearest the sun. We are told that this condition of the earth will produce great disturbance upon it. It will be as if it was pressed by two great orbs, the smallest is fourteen hundred times larger than the earth. We are told to look out for intense heat, earthquakes, destructive cyclones, terrific thunder storms and rain.

"What are your politics?" the Chaplain of the Iowa Penitentiary asked an intelligent looking convict. "I have not come out for anybody yet," replied the convict, gazing placidly through the bars, "but if I could get out I would come out for Garfield for President and De Golyer for Vice."

Support your county paper.

A Connecticut Curiosity.

The following remarkable statement has been journeying through the Connecticut press: "Now it is a Yankee, Mr. Samuel Bromley, of Mystic River, in the State of Connecticut, who announces his ability to live for ten hours with his nose and mouth hermetically sealed. When is this thing to stop?" The individual referred to above is the popular barber of Mystic, a little village on the Sound, between New London and Watch Hill. He has a unique office in the main street of that delightful old-time hamlet, and is well known along the coast as "Fat Sam." Those acquainted with Sam see no reason why he should not be able to accomplish what is coupled with his name, for he is able to breathe for a time without the use of mouth or nostrils, communication between his lungs and the outside world being kept up through his ears. When smoking a cigar he often exhales the smoke through the same extraordinary channels, to the profound astonishment of those who are unaware of this freak of nature. Many persons who have seen the jet of cigar smoke creeping out of his ears are willing to testify to the truthfulness of "Fat Sam's" assertion. Though not particularly fond of notoriety, Sam thinks he can establish his ability to live practically "hermetically sealed" for hours.

Beware of Colored Stockings.

We understand that Dr. T. Bates is suffering great agony from poisoned feet, caused, he thinks, from wearing red socks. We are told his feet are in an awful condition.

This is not the only case we have heard of from the same cause. Not long since we read in one of our exchanges of a lady whose feet had been so terribly poisoned from the coloring of her stockings it was feared that amputation of the limbs would be necessary. We have also read the case of a child who suffered terribly and was unable to walk for months from the same cause. A scientific journal informs us that red, green and brown colors in stockings and socks contain poisonous ingredients, which, during the summer when the pores of the skin are open and the body is in a state of perspiration, will poison any part of the body they may touch and endanger the life of the wearer.—*Union Times.*

Miss NELSON's death becomes more and more tragic as details appear. Her body was taken to the Morgue and mutilated in order to decide between the opinions of two doctors. She was about 33 or 35 years of age, and gained her great reputation by persistent industry and a beautiful person. Her fortune is valued at \$300,000, to be disputed by Phillip Lee, her divorced husband, Edward Compton, her presumed husband, and hosts of lawyers. We bet on the lawyers.

Six years ago the Republican majority in Maine was 30,000. It has not only entirely disappeared, but the Republicans are now in a minority in that State. Six years ago the Republican majority in South Carolina, with the same number of voting population, was not quite as large as in Maine. That, too, has disappeared. According to the Radicals, ku klux and shot-guns have done the work here. Will they be so kind as to tell us what is the trouble in Maine?

PROPERTY left to a child may soon be lost; but the inheritance of virtue—a good name, and unblemished reputation—will abide forever. If those who are toiling for wealth to leave their children would out take half the pains to secure for them virtuous habits, how much more serviceable would they be. The largest property may be wrested from a child, but virtue will stand by him to the last.

For \$1 you can get the Democrat for one year. Send in your name and try it.